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OFFICE IN THE COURT HOUSE.  
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GENERAL MERCHANDISE  
ROUND VALLEY, PLUMAS CO., CAL.  
CHECKS DRAWN ON MARYSVILLE,  
Round Valley, May 11th, 1865. n24-1f

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Dealer in all kinds of  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,  
SODA BAR,  
EAST BRANCH OF FEATHER RIVER.

THE HOTEL attached to the Store, will be kept  
open for the accommodation of the public. n24-1f

L. P. FISHER'S

Advertising Agency,  
No. 171 1/2 Washington st.,  
(Nearly opposite Maguire's Opera House, upstairs.)  
San Francisco, California.

ADVERTISEMENTS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS  
collected for the QUINCY UNION, and will  
be sent to forwarding agents, to persons  
residing in any part of California, Oregon, Wash-  
ington Territory, the Sandwich Islands, or the At-  
lantic States.

## The Quincy Union.



## The Quincy Union.

"LIBERTY AND UNION—NOW AND FOREVER ONE AND INSEPARABLE"—Webster.

VOL. 2.

QUINCY, PLUMAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

NO. 45.

## "THE SAXON ALABAMA."

AIR—"The Saucy Archana."

In Cherbourg Semmes lay safe and sound,  
And reckoned over pound on pound,  
The spoil in merchant ships was found  
By the Saxon Alabama.  
But hark! the news comes to his ear,  
The Yankee foe he'd dodged was near,  
While Frenchmen's taunt  
Meets every vaunt,  
His match he'd shirked, and won his fame  
By setting peace-ful ships on flame,  
Then fled in the Alabama.

With bunkers full and banners high,  
And manned by Britishers on the fly,  
With the British Decatur keeping by,  
Came the Saxon Alabama.  
Our hearts they jumped when we heard the  
shout  
From the topsail yard of her coming out;  
We haste each sail  
To clew and brail,  
Got up steam, and to quarters every man,  
Clashed for action and our guns out-ran  
To welcome the Alabama!

'Twas half past ten, the first of June  
To lead the date we're ready so,  
Our hearts a-d guns are in-god tune  
For the Saxon Alabama.  
Out burst the smoke of her broadside fire,  
The Kearsarge under it seemed to thrive,  
We crossed her bow,  
A gun's crew laid low,  
We steamed around her and we poured  
Shot and shell right upon board,  
And riddled the Alabama!

For full an hour we served them fast,  
Then down she hauled her flag at last,  
And a white one quickly up her mast  
Ran the Saxon Alabama!  
Our boats were lowered our faces to save,  
For mercy still becomes the brave,  
The Decatur we ask  
To all in this task—  
She comes and picks the Captain out,  
Then sneaks away with coward shout—  
The spy of the Alabama!

Now, boys, before we end our song,  
To their dismay who'd work us wrong,  
Here's a cheer and a tiger loud and long  
O'er the Saxon Alabama!  
Where'er mean Britishers do wish  
We'll treat them to that spicy dish,  
But their lion sneaks off,  
With weekly cough,  
While our eagle, with firm flashing eyes,  
O'er Yankee and Irish braves he flies,  
Remember the Alabama!

A SOLDIER IN SURGEONS.—It don't mat-  
ter the being cared for; they cared for  
me in Washington; but it's the way  
the caring is done. I'll just tell you  
how it is in this war. We're all a set  
of ten pins, stood up to have balls sent  
at us; along they come, and down we go  
No matter, get another set; but still  
it may save Uncle Sam to mend the  
broken ones, and use them again; so  
the meddles come along, pick you up,  
feel you all over, and see if you're worth  
mending; if so, you're patched up, and  
stood in your place again. I've seen  
enough of it; but here comes this fellow  
—I beg your pardon, Miss, it's a surgeon  
in charge I'm thinking you like him called  
—and he don't say much different from  
other meddles; but it's all in his eye—  
it says a lot more nor his tongue—it  
says, "You're flesh and blood, you are,  
poor fellow! and I'm sorry to see you  
twisting about with pain like that, and  
it's all a bad business, this same, so it is."

Do you think I care what a man's tongue  
says, when his eye says that? I tell you  
I felt better the whole day for one look  
like that. It's my belief that all the  
talk that's right from the heart comes  
out of the eye, and when men make you  
believe things not just so, it's their  
tongues they use.—[Hospital Notes]

ARTESIAN WELLS IN THE DESERT.—Modern  
science is literally making "the desert  
to blossom as the rose." In the great  
desert of Sahara in 1860 five artesian  
wells had been opened, around which  
vegetation thrives luxuriantly; thirty  
thousand palm trees and one thousand  
fruit trees were planted, and two thriving  
villages established. At a depth of  
a little over five hundred feet, an under-  
ground river or lake was struck, and  
from two wells live fish have been  
thrown up, showing that there is a  
large body of water underneath.

EMIGRANTS.—The Rock Mountain News  
says: The emigration westward is im-  
mense. Both sides of the Platte are  
lined with wagons. From Latham to  
Denver we have daily passed from two  
to four hundred teams. There are two  
ferries below here, and one at Latham,  
and are all busy. Besides this, hundreds  
are fording at different points. Color-  
ado will receive a large accession to her  
population, but three-fourths of this vast  
emigration are going farther west.  
Thousands of head of cattle, horses and  
mules are being driven along.

The steam engines of England do the  
work of eighty millions of horses and  
four hundred millions of men.

OPTICAL PHENOMENON.—The Stockton  
Independent is responsible for the fol-  
lowing:

An old resident of Calaveras county  
informs us of one of the greatest natural  
wonders in that county, that we ever  
heard of. It is well known that in Cali-  
fornia the atmosphere is purer and clearer  
and purer than in any other part of the  
world; that objects can be discerned at  
a greater distance, with the naked eye,  
than in any other portion of the globe.  
Thus we know that on a clear day Mount  
Diablo is plainly visible at Big Oak Flat  
Tulumbine county, without the aid of a  
glass, and that from a point just west of  
Colusa, so as to clear the timber, the  
snow-clad summit of Mount Shasta can  
be easily viewed with the naked eye, at  
a distance of not less than one hundred  
and twenty miles by an air line. But  
the wonder of which we are about to  
speak is fully equal in its rarity, if not  
in stupendous grandeur, to Mount Shas-  
ta, Yosemite, or the Big Trees. It is a  
deep gorge, or rather basin of the moun-  
tains, about three miles from Rich Gulch  
Calaveras county, where the traveler, af-  
ter entering into the depth of the hollow  
finds himself shut in by high sterile hills  
and the rest of the surrounding world is  
shut out from his gaze. But see, a  
broad bay is visible and the navies of  
France, England, Russia and America  
are each discernible among the placid  
hills that float on its placid waters. A  
city, overhung by high and volcanic-  
looking hills, rears many a high-turreted  
wall and palatial dome in token of its  
prosperity, and the smoke of a hundred  
factories overhangs the crowded city like  
a mantle of Tyrian purple. This city is  
San Francisco, the Queen of the Pacific,  
and it can only be seen from three o'clock  
P. M. until sunset on a winter day, when  
the sun is bright and no sea fog obscures  
the vision. But by what name shall we  
style this singular diversification of na-  
ture? It certainly can be no mirage,  
for there is the real bay of San Fran-  
cisco with Goat Island and Angel Island  
plain in view. It must be a refraction  
caused by the sun when it assumes its  
occident position. Will some son of  
science explain the wonderful and de-  
lightful, but mysterious illusion?

A DUEL BETWEEN PICKETS.—Correspon-  
dence of the Atlanta, Ga., Appeal, dated  
"On the Left, July 16th, 1864," says:  
Everything has been quiet along our  
lines since I last wrote you, with the ex-  
ception of the usual amount of shelling  
and skirmishing, and an attempt to make  
a raid on the Atlanta and West Point  
Railroad. In fact, the shelling and skir-  
mishing has been unusually light. I don't  
think I have heard half a dozen  
cannon per day, and the skirmishing or  
picket firing has only lasted a short por-  
tion of each day, and has been very slow.  
A day or two ago, however, while this  
sort of pastime was going on along  
Stevenson's front, a Confederate picket  
challenged a Yankee to come out in open  
ground and fight a duel across the river  
until one or the other fell. The Yankee  
accepted the challenge, they both stepped  
out, and the duel commenced at a dis-  
tance of 500 or 600 yards, and it is no  
compliment to the skill of either as a  
marksman, they fired at each other for  
15 or 20 times, till finally the Confederate  
fell with a bullet through his forehead.

FACTS OF HISTORY.—When you hear  
Copperheads charging the responsibility  
of the rebellion on Republicans, confront  
them with these truths of history:  
1. The rebellion was inaugurated under  
a Democratic National Administration.  
2. It was conceived and matured under  
Democratic auspices.  
3. It had its nucleus and headquarters  
in the Democratic Cabinet of Buchanan.  
4. Its chief instigators and engineers  
were leaders of the Democratic party in  
Congress and Government Departments.  
5. Its principal agents abroad were  
Democratic Ambassadors and Consuls  
serving the cause of treason under pay.  
6. It was in progress for months be-  
fore Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated.  
7. Seven States had gone out of the  
Union before the Democratic Buchanan  
had left the executive chair.  
8. War had been declared by the in-  
surgents in firing upon the Star of the  
West long before the present Adminis-  
tration came into power.

Do not make mouths at the public be-  
cause it does not accept you at your own  
fancied valuation. Do the best you can,  
bide your time with patience, and if  
there is anything in you it will work its  
way to the surface.

## A COPPERHEAD MOB AND A BRAVE GIRL.

An Indianapolis correspondent of the  
Cincinnati Commercial says: "At the  
Convention which nominated Voorhees,  
held at Greencastle, a riot occurred,  
which came near being a very serious af-  
fair. Lieutenant Cooper, of the Forty-  
third Indiana, was insulted by a rowdy  
Copperhead, who came up to him and  
harrumphed for Jeff Davis, which was re-  
sented by the officer knocking the fellow  
down with a cane. The Lieutenant was  
furiously attacked by a score of butter-  
nuts, some of whom drew weapons.—  
One fellow fired at the officer, but missed  
him. Cooper then drew his revolver and  
shot his assailant in the breast, inflicting  
a severe wound. The crowd now in-  
creased, and the Lieutenant and a few of  
his friends who came to his relief, were  
compelled to retire slowly to a hotel two  
squares off, followed by forty men. Soon  
after entering the house, a Miss Walls,  
daughter of the landlady, armed herself  
with a saber and went to the door to re-  
sist the entrance of the mob; and she  
wielded the sword with such force as to  
wound several slightly. The mob now  
retreated, but came back soon after about  
four hundred strong, headed by the no-  
torious Judge Eckles, who has just been  
nominated for Judge, as spokesman for  
the mob. He demanded possession of the  
Lieutenant, in the name of the peo-  
ple, that he might be hanged. This was  
refused. The sight of a number of En-  
field rifles in the hands of the soldiers  
and citizens, and a rumor freely circu-  
lated that troops were coming from Indian-  
apolis and Terre Haute, caused the mob  
to disperse, and with its dispersion the  
Convention adjourned."

A HUMANE lady in the west of Ohio,  
during the rush of contrabands thither,  
took pity on a poor ragged boy of a de-  
cidedly dark complexion, and decided to  
give him a home in her family. After  
being decently clothed, Jack was as hap-  
py as a rebel in a Union prison, and  
soon was as fat as a prize pig. The good  
woman was pleased with her success,  
and everything went on swimmingly un-  
til one day she heard him use the Lord's  
name in anything but a reverential man-  
ner. Calling Jack to her, she proceeded  
to lecture him upon the enormity of the  
deed, telling him that he would certainly  
go to Tophet unless he stopped swearing.  
"What kind of a place am I at?"  
"It is a lake of fire and brimstone."  
"Fiah and brimston, missus?"  
"Yes, and you will be put into it and  
be burned forever and ever."  
"But poor Jack burn all up, missus!"  
"You won't; you will keep burning,  
but never be consumed."  
"But I could nebber stand it."  
"You will have to stand it," replied  
the woman, somewhat at a loss for  
words to make him understand the mean-  
ing.

"Well," replied the juvenile contra-  
band, "if I kin stand it I don't kever  
d—n!" and immediately began to whis-  
tle, "Down in Dixie."

We regret to state that our views  
with reference to the Copperhead fran-  
ternity have suffered no modification dur-  
ing our absence. Our admiration for  
that class of snakes has not changed a  
whit; and we expect, *Deo volente*, to  
preserve the same state of mind so long  
as a set of Godless scoundrels in the  
North shall continue to cultivate the  
friendship and confidence of rebels in  
arms against this Government. To  
show that this tribe are just as veno-  
mous in Ohio as they are in Iowa, we present  
the following instance: A whisky-soaked  
Butternut while traveling on the Little  
Miami Railroad from Cincinnati to Mor-  
rowtown, felt such an ebullition of affec-  
tion for the rebels, that he indiscreetly  
harrumphed for John Morgan! The words  
had hardly issued from his lips before he  
was collared by a soldier, and was choked  
until he saw stars dancing fitfully at  
mid-day. He made a graceful apology  
when a chance for speech was given to  
him, and he gave no further disturbance.  
Hurrahing for John Morgan in a crowded  
car in the loyal State of Ohio! Just  
think of it! We mention this instance  
just to show the animus of these North-  
ern wretches who are waiting, and  
watching, and laboring for the overthrow  
of the American Government.—[Iowa  
Paper.]

Why is a field of grass like a person  
older than yourself? Because it is past  
your age.

An Illinois paper says there is a man  
in Olney so dirty that the assessors put  
him down as "real estate."

## THE PRESS—WHAT IS IT?—The realm

of the Press is enclosed ground. Some-  
times the editor is the happiness of  
knowing that he is in the right,  
exposed the wrong, the weak;  
that he had given utterance to a senti-  
ment that is not lost—a sentiment that has  
cheered somebody's solitary hour, made  
somebody happier, kindled a smile upon  
a sad face, or hope in a heavy heart.—  
He may meet with that sentiment months,  
years after; it may have lost all traces  
of its paternity, but he feels an affection  
for it. He welcomes it as a long absent  
child. He reads it for the first time, and  
wonders if indeed he wrote it, for he has  
changed since then. Perhaps he could  
not give utterance to the sentiment now;  
perhaps he would not if he could. It  
seems like the voice of his former self  
calling to the present, and there is some-  
thing mournful in its tone. He begins  
to think, to remember—remember when  
he wrote it, and why; who were its  
readers then, and whether have they  
gone; what he was then, and how much  
he has changed. So he muses, till he  
finds himself wondering if that thought  
of his will continue to float on after he  
is dead, and whether he is really looking  
upon something that will survive him.  
And then comes the sweet consciousness  
that there is nothing in the sentiment he  
could wish had been unwritten; that it  
is the better part of him; a shred from  
the garment of immortality he shall leave  
behind him, when he joins the "innum-  
erable caravan," and takes his place in  
the silent halls of death.—[Chicago  
Journal.]

A RESIDENT of San Francisco, who had  
not been out of that city for years, is  
said to have fainted away on visiting  
Sacramento—the pure air proving too  
strong for him. A decayed fish was  
placed at his nose, on which he exhibited  
signs of life. The bodies of a dead cat,  
a dog and a small goat, in a like state,  
were next used with revivifying effect;  
and a long lingering inhalation from a  
bottle of bilgewater, completed the work  
of restoration; the patient sighing—  
"Ah, that is good; it smells like home  
—sweet home!"—[Philadelphia paper.]

NO GENTLEMAN.—Parson Brownlow  
uses some very ungentlemanly language  
with reference to Copperheads. He says:  
"They merit the hatred of all who are  
in the army—the loathing of all loyal  
men who are out of it. The Northern  
Copperhead is a baser man than the  
Southern rebel. They are the Mojaves,  
the Apaches, and the Wallabies of the  
human race. Hell has no gulf deep  
enough for such wretches." To which  
the Flag adds: This may be true, but  
is it polite? Is it Chesterfieldian? We  
fear that "moderately loyal" men will  
pronounce the over zealous parson "no  
gentleman."

An Irishman in New Jersey was one  
Sunday driving a horse with a wagon  
toward Easton, when he was met by a  
clergyman, who was going to church,  
and who took the opportunity to chide  
the traveler for a breach of the Sabbath.  
"My friend," said he, "this is a bad  
way you are in."

"Och, honey," said the Irishman, "and  
isn't it the tumpike?"  
"Yes," replied the minister, "but  
what I mean is, that you are in a bad  
state."  
"By my sowl," returned the Irishman,  
"and that's true enough, too, your wor-  
ship. It's a very bad State, this, and  
I'll get into Pennsylvania as soon as I  
can. Gee up, honey."

The woman who betrayed General  
Franklin is a Baltimorean, and well  
known as Kate Lee. She pointed out  
officers' baggage to them, and with her  
own hands distributed boots and other  
articles from the trunk of a Naval Sur-  
geon on board, among her rebel friends.  
This female is of Amazonian cast, and  
will probably figure very largely yet in  
the public eye if the Government does  
not cut short her career.

"Now, gentlemen," said Sheridan to  
his guests, as the ladies left the room,  
"let us understand each other. Argue  
we don't like men or beasts?"  
Somewhat indignant, the guests ex-  
claimed:  
"Like men, of course."  
"Then," he replied, "we are going to  
get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink  
more than they want."

A SOLDIER of the Ninth Corps fired  
away his ramrod in a recent fight.  
When the rebel works were occupied,  
two dead Rebels were found transfixed  
by the soldier's ramrod.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

Our friends everywhere, who may at any time  
have knowledge of facts of local importance, in-  
cidents, accidents, mining news, doings of public  
meetings, improvements, curiosities, etc., would  
confer a favor upon us and our readers generally  
by sending notice of the same to this office. Give  
us facts in any shape, and we will take care of them.

CLAIMS THEM ALL.—Our friends of the  
Emerald Isle are fond of claiming every  
man who makes a creditable showing in  
history, as a native or in some way con-  
nected with their country. We over-  
heard a conversation between two sand-  
heavers the other day, as they rested on  
their shovel handles:

"Oh, yis!" said one, "of course,  
Michaelan is from the owld sod. His  
name's proof av it."  
"There's a bigger Irishman nor him  
to the fore now," suggested the other.  
"An' who's that?" asked his compa-  
nion.  
"Why the Emperor of Mexico!"  
"Faith, he's no Irishman—he's a Proos-  
shun."  
"Divil a bit av a Proosshun. Tell me  
this—Did yever hear av a Proosshun  
with the name of Mac Millian? and that's  
his name, safe enough."  
This was a clincher, and the two fell  
to shoveling again.

GREAT ROBBERY.—A telegram dated  
Salt Lake, 24th inst., says:

Oliver & Co.'s Express coach, which  
left Virginia City (Nevada) on Thurs-  
day forenoon, was robbed on Saturday  
about 2 P. M. in Port Neuf Cabin, by  
seven so-called Confederate agents, led  
by Brookie Jack, an Irishman. There  
were four passengers on the coach. John  
Hughy, of Denver, was robbed of \$6,000  
in dust; K. H. Norris, of Platte county,  
Mo., \$2,700; E. L. Stanley, of Leaven-  
worth, \$11,000, and Charles Besser, \$3,  
500. About \$600 was returned to the  
gentlemen to defray their expenses to  
the Missouri river, and they were then  
allowed to proceed.

As my wife and I at the window one day,  
Stood watching a man with a monkey,  
A cart came by, with a "broth of a boy,"  
Who was driving a stout little donkey.  
To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,  
"There's a relation of yours in that  
carriage."  
To which she replied, as the donkey she  
spied,  
"Ah, yes, a relation—by marriage."

"Sonny, does your father take a pa-  
per?"  
"Yes, sir, two of them. One of them  
belongs to Mr. Smith, and the other to  
Mr. Thompson. I books them off the  
stoop."

The following work with a lively title  
has just been published in Germany:  
"Hantsewefachon ouangtseimon;  
Bibliotheca Sinologica, als Wegweiser  
zur Sinologiefischen Literatur."  
It is about Chinese literature.

An editor became martial, and was  
made captain. On parade, instead of  
"two paces in front—advance!" he  
bawled out, "Cash—two dollars a year  
in advance!"

Amongst the guns in position in  
Grant's camp is one which the men have  
named the "Petersburg Express." It  
is a thirty-pounder Parrott, and is said  
to make good time.

MISTAKEN.—The Appeal places Susan-  
ville in Sierra county. Susanville is the  
County Seat of Lassen county, Mr. Ap-  
peal.

The proprietor of a bone mill adver-  
tises that "persons sending their own  
bones to the ground will be attended to  
with punctuality and dispatch."

The Connecticut river is so low that  
an old fisherman reports that he saw a  
couple of suckers "lightering a shad  
over the bar."

If you want to kiss a pretty girl, why,  
kiss her—if you can. If a pretty girl  
wants to kiss you, why, let her—like a  
man.

An Irish gentleman, while playing  
cards, finding the pool deficient, exclaim-  
ed, "Here's a shilling short—who put  
it in?"

When men are together, they listen  
to one another; but women and girls  
look at one another.

Keep an eye upon those men who say  
they don't believe there is an honest  
man living.

Why does a clock always look bash-  
ful? Because it keeps its hands before  
its face.

Why is a lemon like an old maid  
who has been pretty? Because it was  
made to be squeezed, and wasn't.

MAN, in being mated, lost from his  
side a bone and got a thorn.

The first thing a man takes in his life  
is milk—the last is his bile.



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